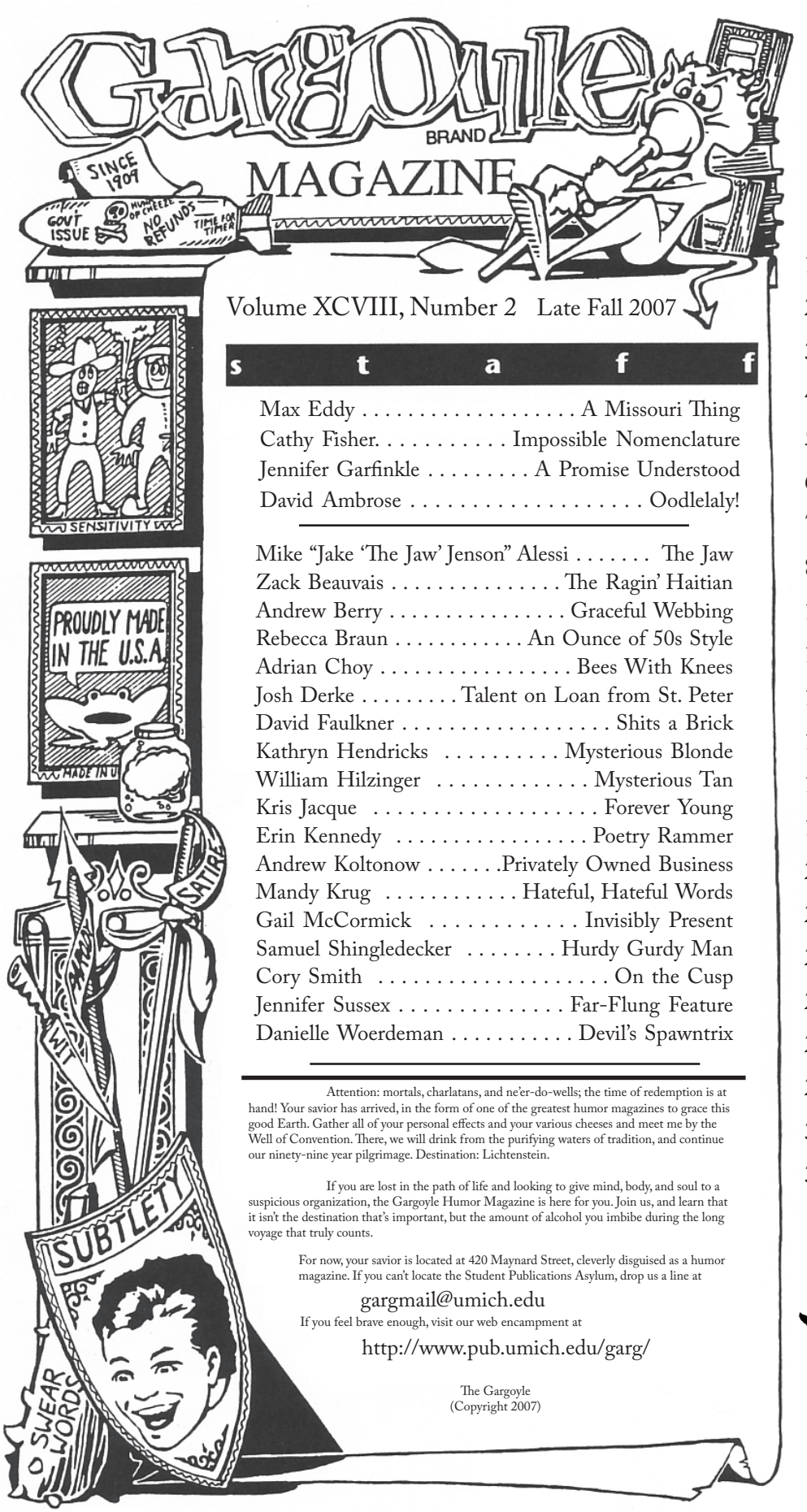
Vol. XCIX
No. 2
GARGOYLE
HUMOR MAGAZINE
WES ANDERSON
ROGER EARL
REMEMBER WHEN PUNK WAS COOL?
Est. 1909



Volume XCVIII, Number 2 Late Fall 2007

s t a f f f

Max Eddy . . . . . A Missouri Thing
Cathy Fisher. . . . . Impossible Nomenclature
Jennifer Garfinkle . . . . . A Promise Understood
David Ambrose . . . . . Oodlelaly!

Mike "Jake 'The Jaw' Jenson" Alessi . . . . . The Jaw
Zack Beauvais . . . . . The Ragin' Haitian
Andrew Berry . . . . . Graceful Webbing
Rebecca Braun . . . . . An Ounce of 50s Style
Adrian Choy . . . . . Bees With Knees
Josh Derke . . . . . Talent on Loan from St. Peter
David Faulkner . . . . . Shits a Brick
Kathryn Hendricks . . . . . Mysterious Blonde
William Hilzinger . . . . . Mysterious Tan
Kris Jacque . . . . . Forever Young
Erin Kennedy . . . . . Poetry Rammer
Andrew Koltonow . . . . . .Privately Owned Business
Mandy Krug . . . . . Hateful, Hateful Words
Gail McCormick . . . . . Invisibly Present
Samuel Shingledecker . . . . . Hurdy Gurdy Man
Cory Smith . . . . . On the Cusp
Jennifer Sussex . . . . . Far-Flung Feature
Danielle Woerdeman . . . . . Devil's Spawntrix

Attention: mortals, charlatans, and ne'er-do-wells; the time of redemption is at hand! Your savior has arrived, in the form of one of the greatest humor magazines to grace this good Earth. Gather all of your personal effects and your various cheeses and meet me by the Well of Convention. There, we will drink from the purifying waters of tradition, and continue our ninety-nine year pilgrimage. Destination: Lichtenstein.

If you are lost in the path of life and looking to give mind, body, and soul to a suspicious organization, the Gargoyle Humor Magazine is here for you. Join us, and learn that it isn't the destination that's important, but the amount of alcohol you imbibe during the long voyage that truly counts.

For now, your savior is located at 420 Maynard Street, cleverly disguised as a humor magazine. If you can't locate the Student Publications Asylum, drop us a line at

gargmail@umich.edu

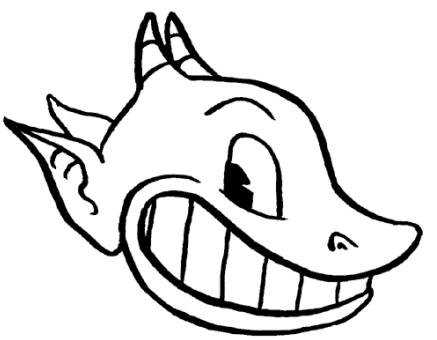
If you feel brave enough, visit our web encampment at

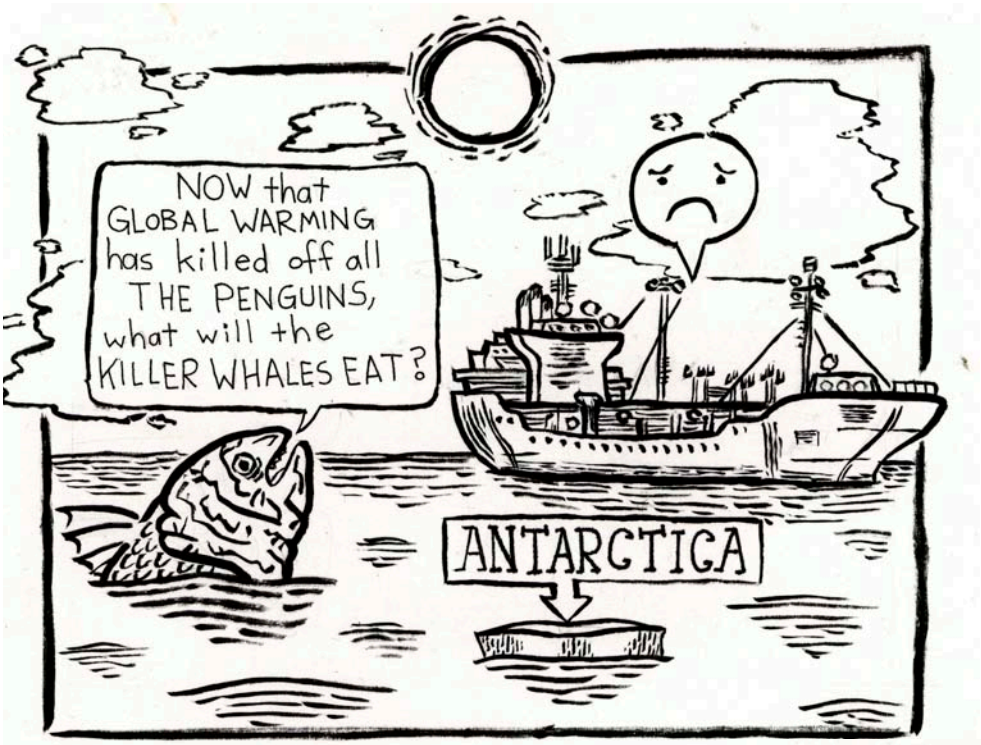
http://www.pub.umich.edu/garg/

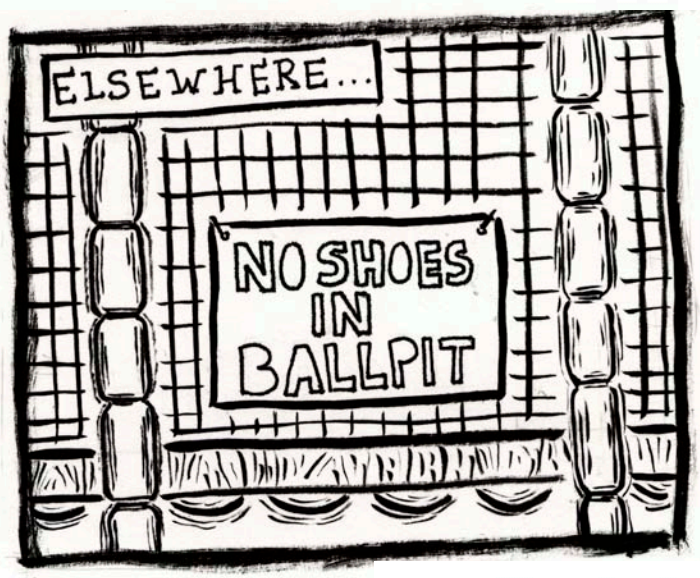
The Gargoyle
(Copyright 2007)

Table of Contents

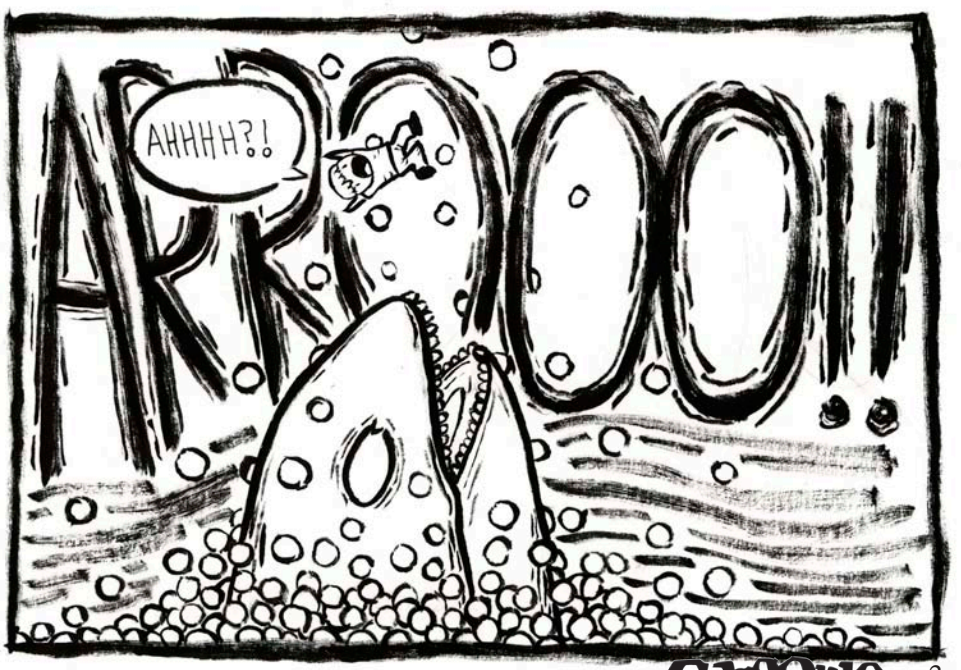
1. Cover
2. This Page
3. That Page
4. Philosophy
5. Letters
6. Literary Snobbery
7. Darjeeling Delimited
8. Perceptive Pets
12. Lesbians Breaking Things
14. "We Got Him!"
16. These Two People
17. These Two Comedians
18. Fire-Fighter Baby
19. Awesome Activities!
20. Zen Cock
22. Jesus Journal
24. A SERIOUS ISSUE
25. Roger and Me
27. No Roger for You
29. This is as Close as You Get
31. You Sad Sucker
32. For You to Draw on

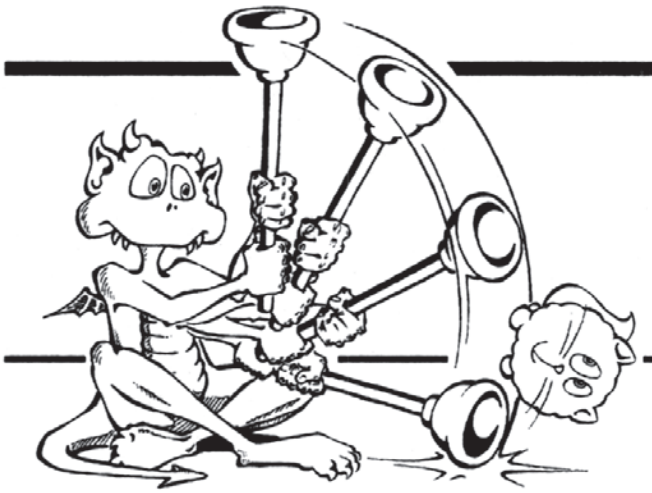



NOW that GLOBAL WARMING has killed off all THE PENGUINS, what will the KILLER WHALES EAT?
ANTARCTICA


ELSEWHERE...
NO SHOES IN BALLPIT

I SURE HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH TICKETS TO BUY A LAVA LAMP!
TIX


AHHHH?!
ARROOO!!



GargOyle PHILOSOPHY

by Max

Recently, I had the honor of hanging out with the Gargoyle alumni — The GargAlums, as they are known collectively. The whole cohort was in town for the odd-year reunions organized by John Dobbertin, President GargAlum. It's an incredible, awe-inspiring experience. You get a good ego strokin', for one thing. This is not something that you tend to get in a job like this. The most feedback I've ever received was when that guy on the Diag told me that he didn't read anything written by "pretentious fucks." I followed him for a bit and called him an asshole. I wish I'd started a fight with him (I believe I would have won).

◇◇◇

Send all mail to
420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor, 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu

Or visit us on the Interwebnet at:
http://www.pub.umich.edu/garg/

Mail

Dear Gargoyle,

As concerned females of the U of M community, we were hoping the Garg would support us in our campaign to install urinals in the Law Quad bushes. We are sick and tired of young, drunken men stumbling half-dressed from the foliage. Help us protect the delicate sensibilities of the feminine population on campus.

Thank you for your assistance.

-Ann Arbor Phyllis Schlafly Society

Dear Gargoyle,

The raccoons on north campus have taken to following me into my classes, which may or may not have anything to do with the lamb shank attached to my backpack. I don't really mind, but my professors have started to complain about my following. What can I do to get the raccoons to stay outside?

-Bandit Prince

Dearest Readers: The following is a genuine letter. It was handwritten on the torn-off back cover of our last issue. It's all a little weird.

Do enjoy.

-The Goddamn Editor

Dear Gargoyle,

Once I got a letter from my friend Z-bones an in it she wrote that her life was less interesting than mine because all she ever does is work at a Deroit Public Library in Deroit Out in the Public. Plus there are books and things, so it's library-esque. Anyway, I don't know if you guys have ever been to Detroit, but if you have, you will know that any place with the word "Public" in the title is bound to attract the crazies. The awesome crazies. For instance, while in Detroit, I often use the public buses to get from my house to… uhm... places. I've been propositioned many times, but I think my favorite was the 50 year old man with flood-pants and a pimp hat, who asked if I wanted to be his girlfriend, maybe. What I'm saying is, I like the story about the Wendys prophet, among others. That one reminded me of home.

Love,

Amanda

P.S. I only write like this when I'm trying to be cool.

Dear Gargoyle,

My friends and I have a game where we try to match unusual sex acts with names of famous figures in baseball history. Unlike some obvious combinations like the Wade Boggs or the Hack Wilson, none of us can come up with a fitting act for the Branch Rickey. Please help.

Sincerely,

Polly Go Lightly

Dear Polly,

Branch Rickey's fame spread from his truly pioneering work to desegregate baseball for the advantage of rich, white, industrialist team owners. For the sexual act itself, it is necessary for a woman of Hispanic descent (representing legendary slugger and Rickey hire Roberto Clemente) to masturbate two standing black men (representing Jackie Robinson and Wilson Picket) into the mouth of a white man in a waist coat (standing in for the team owners).

A similar maneuver, The Mahatma, is identical to this one, but requires everyone to be wearing hats.

Dear Gargoyle,

I am beginning to suspect that the President's House is in fact not the residence of Mary Sue Coleman but the headquarters of a strange and cultish splinter religious group. I have been tracking their movements using infrared technology, but all that appears on my sensors are the gardeners; I deduce heat shields. Can you confirm?

Distracted Engineer

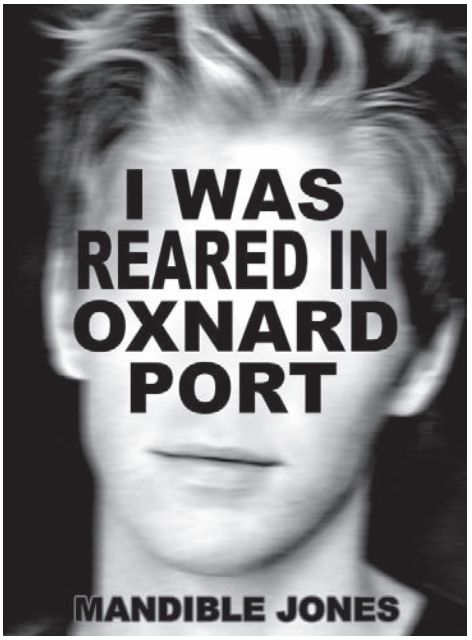
Dear Failing Engineer,

No, unfortunately you are completely wrong. In reality, it is in fact a bastion of Neo-Survivalist radicals who only emerge to stock up on Espresso Royale Coffee and ammunition. Good call on the heat shields though.

Fall Book Preview

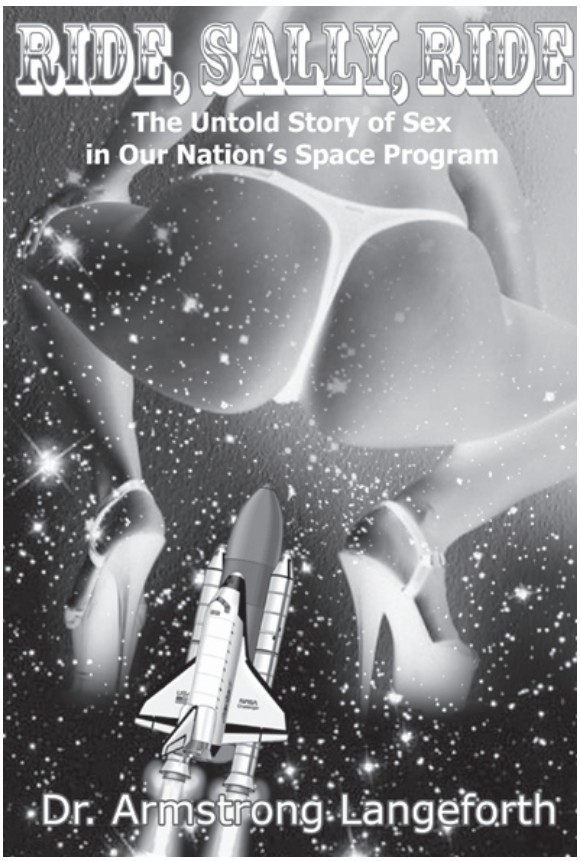
By Zack Beauvais

I Was Reared In Oxnard Port Fiction Claudius & Co. 338p.



For years, fans of Mandible Jones have been desperately awaiting a new book — their prayers and cravings have finally been answered and satiated, respectively, in the form of his posthumous, allegorical autobiography — *I Was Reared in Oxnard Port*. His tragic death shocked the literary world last winter when, according to eyewitnesses, he asphyxiated during a ritualistic ether binge at a Mobile, Alabama supper club. Jones is best known for his in-depth studies of the decadent, ultra-rich, libertine American subculture. He was described by many as a dandy, and universally known as a sexual deviant and "man of pleasure," a sort of throwback to an older, simpler, more exploitive time. The roots of his lifestyle are exposed and very well documented in *I Was Reared in Oxnard Port*. Mandible wrote extensively on his childhood as the son of an abusive California robber baron, and his adolescent exploration of inhalants and subsequent full-blown addiction comes into light and is beautifully painted on a backdrop of the southern California port town, Oxnard. The novel's protagonist, Crandall Jerome, is an obvious and intentional literary projection of Jones. It is neither as profound nor as moving as some of Jones's earlier work, such as *Beal Street's Chartreuse Orgasm*, but it is the perfect companion for the avid Mandiblian.

Ride, Sally, Ride Non-Fiction Erotica Saint Wolbodo Press 749p.



Manuel Jorgenson of The Brunswick Colonist put it best, writing of *Ride, Sally, Ride*, that "Dr. Langeforth licks the goo off of NASA's disgusting underbelly and, like it or not, gives us all a taste." *Ride, Sally, Ride* is not for the faint of heart nor those who wish to maintain the notion that any shred of dignity remains within our nation's space program. The story of this tell-all is as varied and as convoluted as the zero gravity sex acts it depicts. Dr. Armstrong Langeforth, a former researcher at Johnson Space Center (a site of ironically few sexual encounters), recounts all known forays into sex and debauchery in NASA's storied history from "Gemini's twincest" to the mid-nineties' "Great Mir International Gang Bang." *Ride, Sally, Ride* has been steeped in controversy since its first unsuccessful attempt at publishing. The Department of Defense and NASA simultaneously sued to stop publication. Langeforth countersued under the Whistleblower Protection Act (as opposed to the "unprotected whistleblower" as described p. 230-239), and after nine years of legal battles, the Supreme Court recently rejected the case, thus upholding an earlier appellate court decision in favor of Langeforth. In the opinion of this Gargoyle writer, it is each and every American's civic duty to read this book — with the disgusting imagery of *The Jungle* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin's* power, *Ride, Sally, Ride* is the essential fall read.

The Darjeeling Limited: A Masturbation

By Cathy Fisher

The Darjeeling Limited, auteur Wes Anderson's newest work, is the story of three estranged American brothers[1] who go on a journey through India in an attempt to reconnect with each other and grow spiritually.

I had the opportunity to sit down with director/co-writer Wes Anderson and star/co-writer Jason Schwartzman before the screening, and —

Well, I sat down across the room from director/co-writer Wes Anderson and star/co-writer Jason Schwartzman with some other very serious journalists and —

Okay, I stood in the middle of Borders and watched a douche from the MetroTimes ask director/co-writer Wes Anderson and star/co-writer Jason Schwartzman lame questions. And then after that, other audience members asked lame questions. Then after the screening of the film, more people asked more lame questions. The fact is, I didn't ask them any questions personally. The thought of Wes's eyes locking onto mine, looking into my soul…

That has no bearing on this review.

WES ANDERSON IN HIS SUBMARINE

Darjeeling has gotten a lot of flak in the media (mostly illegitimate media such as blogs and *The Michigan Daily*) for being "racist" and "misogynistic," and, more importantly, for "not giving Natalie Portman's ass enough screen time."

I have to say that I disagree heartily. Would racists go to all the effort of flying to India just to be racist against Indians? I think not! Plus, I don't think I've ever seen a picture of Wes Anderson riding a horse or wearing a hood. And I have seen a lot of pictures of Wes Anderson. More than you can imagine.

As for the second accusation — that it's misogynistic — that's a pretty long word, so I'm not sure, but I bet it's not true either.[2]

And as for the third claim, about Ms. Portman's ass? *Hotel Chevalier*, the short prequel to *Darjeeling*, is like an ass fair! An ass *carnival*, even! An exhibition of "Ass Through the Ages" at a moderately prestigious art museum! Just because she only makes a three-second appearance in the feature doesn't mean you can disregard what a central role her ass plays in the prequel. It's even depicted in slow motion![3]

As opposed to some of Anderson's other movies, like *Rushmore*, *The Royal Tenenbaums*, and *The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou*, *The Darjeeling Limited* does not conform to the pattern of steadily increasing title length.[4] What, the discerning filmgoer might ask himself, does this mean? I'd have to say that I honestly don't know, but it is indisputable that Wes[5] works in mysterious ways.

While I was watching Wes attempt to spice up his response to some inane question after the screening, my mind began to wander. How was it that so much genius could be crammed into a wispy-looking man in an expensive suit and sagging argyle socks? How powerful must you be to make Bill Murray submit to your every whim? Why did his hair look so damn nice? Like, you could just run your fingers through it and carefully, oh-so-slowly, pull down his collar, revealing the pale, lickable skin beneath, and —

I think we might have gotten off track again.

The Darjeeling Limited? I will say, in conclusion, that it evokes both an emotional and a physical response. It's beautifully, majestically, and intimately filmed. Wes summons the sights, sounds, and scents of India with the same ease with which he allows the humanity of each of his characters to shine through. Under his skilled, trademark wide lens, his subjects are naked to us. If only he would turn his lens on me, I would be naked, so naked…whenever… whenever he wanted…I could…

Oh, Wes…oh…yes…

Wes! WES!

---

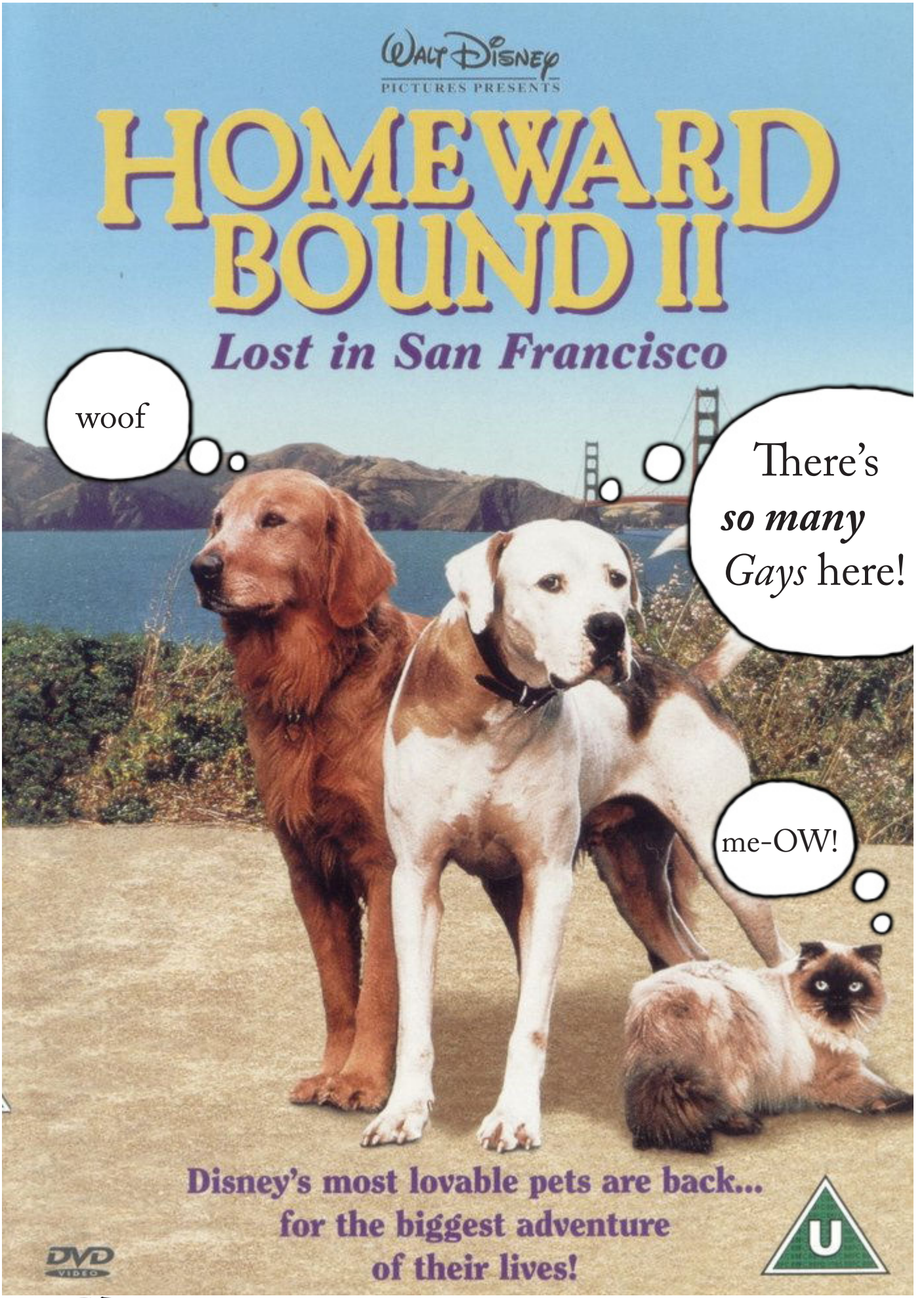
1 The recently suicidal Owen Wilson; Francis Ford Coppola's tiniest nephew, Jason Schwartzman; and Adrien Brody, who makes most of his income selling bottles of his sweat labeled as "Talent Juice."

2 Unless "misogynistic" means "Oh God, this makes me want to lick Wes Anderson's neck."

3 Granted, a whopping 73% of *The Darjeeling Limited* is also in slow motion, most of which consists of people running and jumping onto moving trains.

4 I am disregarding *Bottle Rocket* for personal reasons.

5 Did you know that "Wes" has the same number of letters as "God?"


WALT DISNEY
PICTURES PRESENTS
HOMEWARD BOUND II
Lost in San Francisco
woof
There's so many Gays here!
me-OW!
Disney's most lovable pets are back...
for the biggest adventure
of their lives!
DVD VIDEO
U

A recent breakthrough in artificial skin design has led the geniuses of the Gargoyle to design a masterpiece of visual and sensual euphoria. Critics have been buzzing since October, and the final product has finally been made available to the clamoring masses.

Since many of you have yet to lay eyes on this marvelous product, we have it modeled for you here:

CONSUME,
CONSUME,
CONSUME!

Gargoyle tees only $20, soon available online at the Gargoyle site:
http://www.pub.umich.edu/garg

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN
Ann Arbor
Good Times
Since 1987

340 1/2 S. State St.
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
734-994-3888

M-Th 11-9:00pm
F-Sat 11-9:00pm
Sun 12-8:00pm

25% OFF Any Purchase
excluding Birthday Discount not valid with other offers. expires 12/31/06

30% OFF Birthday Discount
not valid with other offers. expires 12/31/06

Modern Day French Aristocracy

Long after the money from *Gremlins* and *Gremlins 2* dried up, Gizmo briefly attempted to break into the adult film industry.

THE GARGOYLE PRESENTS A SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE:
"Juliet, please, let lips do what hands do!"
ROMEO + JULIET; ACT 1, SCENE 5, LINE 103

We lost David Bowie!

Help us find him!

Join the staff of the Gargoyle Humor Magazine and embark on a perilous journey through time and space to locate the legendary rocker.

If you write, do art, do business, or dig the web design, join us!

Drop us a line at gargmail@umich.edu

or

visit us at the Stanford Lipsey Student Publications Building (The Lip) at 420 Maynard Street.

Meetings every Friday at 6:00 PM in our office.

Gargoyle

Shakey Jake

1925-2007

A Taxi driver gave him a ride home once, when he was far away from his usual hangouts. The Ann Arbor bums aren't faceless. You know their spots. They stand in that whitewashed recession in the building next to Urban Outfitters, or on State near Expresso Royale, or under that tunnel near the School of Social Work.

Unlike a larger city, they are omnipresent fixtures. But they're invisible like a tree or another facet of landscape. The Daily runs a tribute to them when they diel. Someone grabbing their tray from line in the cafeteria recognizes that guy they took a picture of on their cell phone once when they first moved here. Turning people into kitschy objects to be put on a shelf.

Ambrose Academy

of Wing Chun Do

28239 Plymouth Rd
Livonia, MI

(734) 422-4420

Campus contact: dcambros@umich.edu

KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID

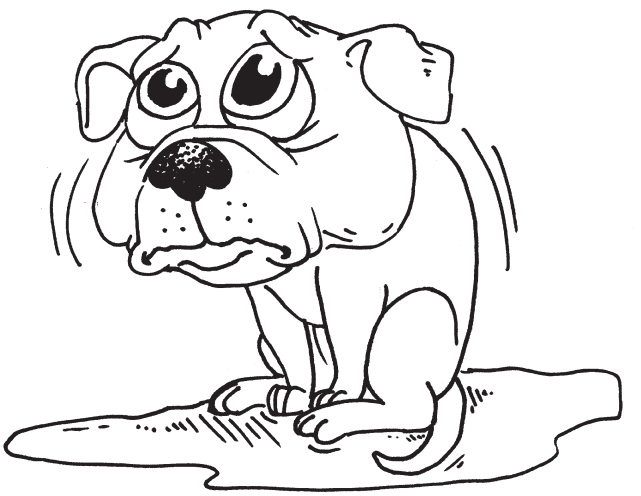
www.ambroseacademy.com

PJ's Records

617-B Packard (Upstairs), Ann Arbor 48104

(734) 663-3441

Mon-Sat 10-9, Sun 12-8



Mondays are OK!
CRASH!
WE'RE LESBIANS, & WE'RE GONNA BREAK THINGS
GRR
CAW!!
BAM BAM BAM
DONT WORRY ITS A MAC
PUNY MAN! WE CAN SMELL YOUR WEAKNESS
GAHH!
SARAH LIKE SMASH

OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD
YOUR GOD IS + DEAD! +
OH SHIT!
Do Not Want
VAGINA
FRESH FISH!! COME N' GET IT!
LESBIAN TO AIR WEAPON
BZZT!
BLAM
END
LESBIANS BROKE EVERYTHING

We Got Him (Waldo)!

By The Jaw

The old man sitting across from me runs his hands unconsciously through the unkempt bursts of silver hair that cling haphazardly to his pink, sunburnt scalp. Looking at him now, in his mid-sixties and strung out on "the finest drugs you can buy in this shit-hole," you'd never guess that Charles "Chip" Danberg was once one of the most prominent journalists of our time. His firsthand accounts and coverage of America's War on Terror earned him a bevy of Pulitzer Prizes, and inspired a generation to take political action, myself included. Danberg looks at me as if noticing me for the first time and offers a nervous, toothless grin.

"I remember being there in the pressroom waiting. Just waiting. They had woken us an hour after they captured him and crammed us all together in this sweatbox of a press conference. It must have been over a hundred degrees with everyone standing in there, and people kept on passing out and having to get carted off to the medical tents. Of course I knew it was something big — you could taste the electricity in the air."

"Then Ambassador Bremer walked to the podium and said those three words that everyone had been waiting for," he continues. "'We got him!' Everyone stood up and started screaming, filling the air with their notepads and pens. Conservative and liberal journalists grabbed one another and kissed. Clothes came off. It was chaos. Can you help me with this?" Danberg holds up a needle filled with heroin.

As I tie a rubber band around my childhood hero's left bicep, I nod my head; this is what I came to hear. About the villain whose capture changed the course of the war. The man — some call him a tyrant —— that plagued and eluded three American presidential administrations. The man the entire world knew by one name: Waldo.

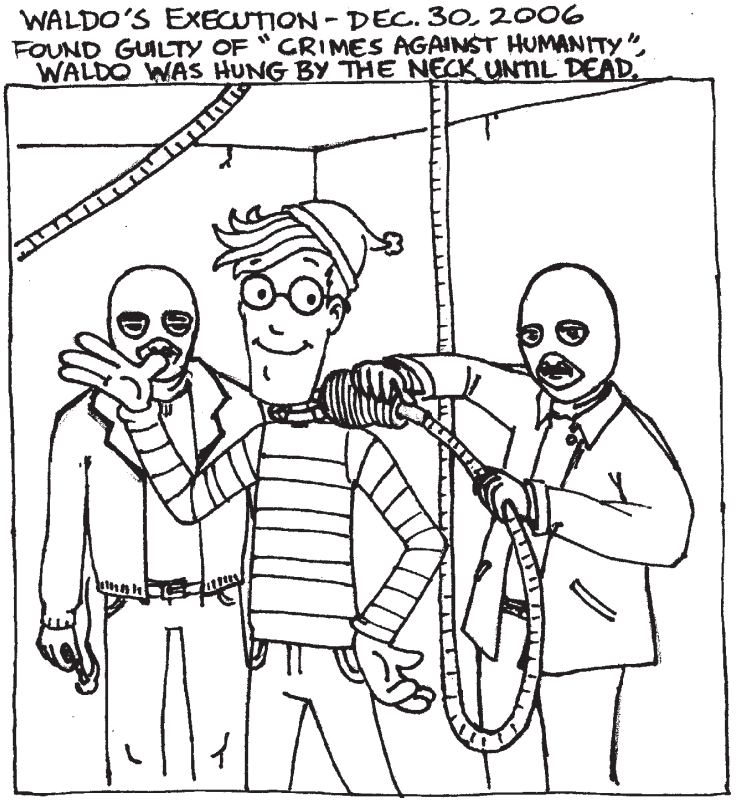
The hunt for Waldo began in the weeks following the September 11th terrorist attacks after the Pentagon received a videotape featuring Al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden, who took credit for the attacks. After careful analysis of the tape, officials identified Waldo in the background, smiling, as one high-ranking general who chose to remain anonymous put it, "like Satan himself." It was the well-established Waldo-Al-Qaeda connection that was the leading reason for the U.S. invasion of Iraq in March 2003.

After months of fighting, Waldo was finally arrested at a small mud-walled compound outside the village of Adwar, Iraq on December 13, 2003. About 600 members of the 1st Brigade, 4th Infantry Division along with special operations forces launched "Operation Red Dawn," after receiving intelligence that Waldo was in the area.

Budd Simons, a former Sergeant within the "Fighting 4th" and Florida homeowner was one of the soldiers to find the "striped-sweater devil."

"I was leading the squad that found the spider hole. Our boys had been training in the simulators for weeks, studying the books about him and his movements… I found the third book, *The Great Waldo Adventure* to be the most useful. That was the one where he hid in a crowd of look-alikes." Simon shakes his head, "Diabolical motherfucker.

"We got the books from a variety of places, mainly dentist office waiting rooms. I



myself led a raid on a kindergarten classroom to acquire one of the books. The *Waldo Dazzling Deep-Sea Divers Sticker Book*…we lost a lot of good men that day.

"We knew that we could find him if we followed the trail he left us — his walking stick, hat, glasses…his left shoe. He was always leaving things of his behind. It's like he was always playing some sick kind of game.

"Contrary to what the press reported, we actually shot first and asked questions later. It turns out he wasn't alone in that spider hole. He had his dog Woof, his girlfriend Wanda, and his number two — the Wizard Whitebeard — down there with him. Wanda swallowed a cyanide pill just before we hit the hole with the tear gas. We took the dog and wizard out execution style." Simons pauses and taps his temple with his middle finger. "Double tap, back of the head. Makes sure they don't get back up again."

Waldo was taken into custody and transported to a nearby military medical facility for inspection and treatment. The former children's book star and guerilla revolutionary had a full beard and looked disheveled. As news of his capture spread, the streets of Iraq burst into "celebratory gunfire" with crowds cheering "Death to Waldo!" Bremer, the coalition administrator, said it was a "great day in the history of Iraq and the world."

"For decades, hundreds of thousands of you suffered at the hands of this cruel man," he said. "For decades, Waldo divided citizens against each other. Those days are over forever."

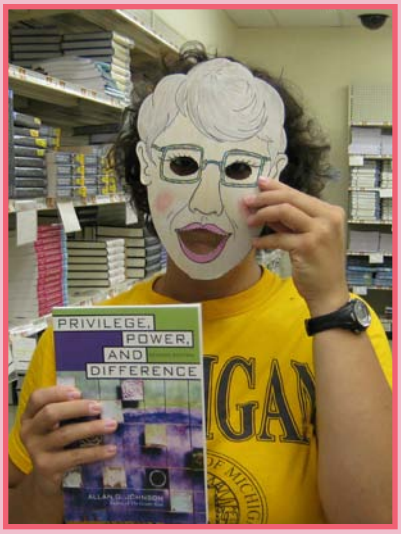
President Bush, having been informed by Pentagon officials that Waldo had been "caught like a long-tailed cat in a room fulla' rockin'-chairs," rushed to give an impromptu victory speech from aboard the deck of the naval carrier, the *USS Lincoln*. "This is for my pa!" Bush cried, his eyes glittering with tears, as the enormous "Mission Accomplished!" banner waved proudly in the background.

Waldo was imprisoned and tried for war crimes over the course of the next three years before an execution date was set On December 30, 2006, Waldo was hanged. He had no final words. His presumed accomplice and fellow revolutionary, Carmen Sandiego, is still at large, despite the ongoing U.S. hunt for her in Afghanistan.

STAR Star Vintage VINTAGE
STAR Star Vintage VINTAGE
rad. boss. hip.
men+women
322 S. State St.
(Next to Espresso Royale)
STAR Star Vintage VINTAGE
STAR Star Vintage VINTAGE

Gargoyle Readers Hit the Town with Their Favorite President

Our Mary Sue Masks are Finally Put to Use



...not so fuckin' tough now, are we, Coleman?

Max "Hollywood" Hodge – A Gargoyle Memoriam

We never had the opportunity to meet Max Hodge, but his reputation and legacy undoubtedly resound within Gargoyle. Max edited Gargoyle magazine during the late 1930s. Legend has it, Hodge back-talked Dean of Students, Joe Bursley, on a regular basis. Bursley was in charge of making sure Gargoyle didn't overstep its bounds and publish anything that was deemed objectionable in the 1930s. When called to Bursley's office regarding an issue of the Gargoyle inspired by Hodge's frequent trips to the Kentucky Derby, Hodge didn't accept the charges the administration levied against him. Rather, he entered the office demanding funds to attend the Kentucky Derby. He left with the money for the trip and two extra dollars to bet for Bursley, and won.

In Hollywood, Hodge continued to make a name for himself. He was primarily remembered as one of the great television screenwriters. He was responsible for the creation of Mr. Freeze, and renowned for his work on *Mission Impossible*, *Wild Wild West*, and on *CHiPs*. Hodge Hodge had the tenacity to demand that the producers allow some guy he knew to ride the motorcycles. When the producers confronted Hodge and complained that the guy could not act, Hodge responded that he didn't say the guy could act, he could just ride the motorcycles.

Rest in peace, Max "Hollywood" Hodge. You've made Gargoyle what it is, and have forged our vision of what it can be.

"I visited Europe because the women had bigger breasts than buttocks."
— Max Hodge, to the entourage of Winston Churchill.

GAFFIGAN
COMEDY CENTRAL LIVE!
STARRING
JIM GAFFIGAN:
BEYOND THE PALE TOUR
SAT. NOVEMBER 17
FOX THEATRE - DETROIT
All Ages
LEWIS BLACK
RED, WHITE & SCREWED
Sat. November 24
Fox Theatre - Detroit
BUY AT LIVENATION.com
ticketmaster CHARGE BY PHONE AT 248-645-6666
LIVE NATION

The Final Moments of Ronny the Jaded Firefighter Baby

I wake up with a start, soaked in sweat, to the smell of smoke and the frantic wailing of sirens. My room is a broiler and I can see flames licking their way around the door frame. God damn it. God-fucking-damn it. As if this isn't bad enough, my diaper is full of shit.

I've seen a lot of good babies go down like this. I guess it's about time my number was up. It's just another day in this fucked-up crib.

Last week it was Johnson — Sammy Johnson. Jesus, he was just a fucking kid, barely even using a sippy cup. All they found of him was a half-melted pacifier. Before him it was others. Countless others. I can't even remember how many. The first few hurt — they hurt like a punch in the balls. But as the weeks passed, I felt it less and less. Each face was just another tiny, forgotten grave. Just move on. Another name, another playdate.

At nap time I see each one of them. Every time I close my eyes, there they are: the endless faces of mourning mommies. I remember looking into each one and saying, "Your son was a brave baby. He died with honor." But I don't believe that shit anymore. Give 'em a medal, give 'em a fucking flag. What's that compared to their son's life?

I hear Mommy's muffled screams outside. "My baby! My baby's in there!"

The flames are closing in now, eating their way across the racecar wallpaper. I wonder what motherfucker started this one. Could be arson, or maybe just some jerk throwing his cigarette into the dumpster out back. It's always shit like that. And what do we do to stop these assholes? Nothing, just throw more good babies onto the fire.

I can't help thinking about last night. I saw her from across the room at daycare and couldn't look away. Blue eyes…she had such blue eyes. Her name was Polly. I crawled across the floor to her and as soon as her hand wrapped around my finger, I was hooked. Goddamn, she was beautiful. She made me feel things I hadn't felt for ages. But I guess now I'll never see her again. That's fucking life for you, eh?

A dark figure tromps past my doorway and I try to scream, but it's no use; all that comes out is a choked cough, and the roar of the flames drowns that out anyway. What's that fucking Peecook thinking, anyway? Typical of him, sending only one firefighter into a doomed building to get one doomed soul, and a damned one to boot. These motherfuckers only make it to captain because they get lucky. They were like me: they survived. I guess not anymore, though.

I smile bitterly and pull a pack of Lucky Strikes out from under Teddy. For a moment I grope for my lighter, then shrug and simply light the cig off the flames steadily creeping up the boiling varnish on my crib.

Resigned to my fate, I lie back onto my blankie and smile bitterly, exhaling. The ceiling is starting to fall down in chunks around me and I feel myself sinking towards unconsciousness.

Polly, I think. Polly, I'm so fucking sorry. We could have been great. We could have made it all the way to kindergarten. Remember me. Even if I was just another bitter, jaded son of a bitch, I was a son of a bitch who loved you.

The New Party Games from ScamO©!

Buttered Toast

Supplies:
1. Patented ScamO© Feel-Good Toaster©, now with multi-speed setting. It'll warm the cockles of your heart.
2. USDA approved ScamO© lubricant to keep you from roasting the wiener.

Instructions:
1. Plug in the Patented ScamO© Feel-Good Toaster©. Be sure to insert the doctor-approved double-pronged plug into an outlet with the opening for a ground. You may want to burn yourself, but there are, in fact, other humans in the tenement/slum/dorm/park/frat house.
2. Push down on the handle to start the warming sensations and the rather unforgiving timer.
3. After applying copious amounts of lubricant, insert yourself into the toaster's slot.
4. Use the device as your receptacle. Be sure to be quick with the thrusting; grave consequences await you if you are not.
 a. For every slow thrust, a new shade of red is introduced to your piece. You will also lose three super points, which have yet to be defined, and we hold no intention of revealing a definition any time soon.
 b. Caution: the toaster will eventually physically eject you like the woman you thought was unconscious.

You win if you can pop before the toaster does.

Hallucinogenic Mud Wrestling

Supplies:
1. ScamO© Wrestling ring to contain the 'fun' and to avoid implicating ScamO© with the ATF again.
2. ScamO© Sand bags (5) for padding around the ring. Also good for scattering the remains of ScamO©, as certain trial cases have proven this necessary.
3. ScamO© Candy Cubes: a delightful treat for all ages. Disclaimer: Contents of ScamO© Candy Cubes are unknown to ScamO© and affiliates.
4. ScamO© Lighter and Lighter Fluid Kit: to warm your confection to perfection. As with the plug for the ScamO© Feel Good Toaster©, remember that you are not the only semi-sentient being in the near vicinity.
Disclaimer: ScamO© reminds our customers in a purely scolding and non-encouraging manner.

Instructions:
1. Set up the ScamO© Wrestling ring.
2. Pour sand in the middle for a soft fall.
3. Ingest a ScamO© Candy Cube.
4. Wait until you start to see your worst enemy yelling at you in Swahili or some other well-known language from central Africa.
5. Step into the ScamO© Wrestling ring across from your worst enemy.
6. Fight to the death for the amusement of your fairly sober peers.
The winner is the one who can pin his or her opponent for a three-count arbitrated and performed only by the suddenly animate grandfather clock standing next to the ring.

Second-hand Needle Pong

Supplies:
1. ScamO© second-hand syringe kit. If you buy three, get another for the price of one!
(limited time offer: 9/1/07 – 9/23/07)
Remember, they are re-usable so share with your friends!
2. ScamO© "special sauce": just what you need to get it in her.

Instructions:
1. Take a syringe and draw some "special sauce" out of the common basin.
2. Throw it at your opponent.
3. Score keeping:
 a. If it sticks, he will be injected with the "special sauce" and you get to throw again.
 b. If you miss or it does not stick, the opposing player starts his or her turn at step 1.
 c. If it neither sticks nor misses, casually slink away from the playing area and flick the lights on and off.
 i. The lights fail to change from being on to off or off to on.
 1. There is another switch that must be flipped or some similar electrical problem.
 2. You are actually now playing in a coma dream, which means that you have probably already lost (see below).
 ii. The lights turn on or off. You have just experienced an extremely rare anomaly based on the understood laws of physics. Perhaps you saw into another dimension, or perhaps you saw matter combining with other matter instead of passing 'through' it. Either way, count yourself unfortunate, because you will not remember this miraculous event due to playing too many of our games. Look down. You will find the syringe in your hand. Throw again.

The winner is the last person to fall into a coma.

The Zen of Receiving Head

By Winsome Billet Doux

Since the dawn of existence man has done everything in his power to bed a woman. Be it with gaining muscle at the gym, fruitlessly trying to improve his personality, or even using the tried and true method of the chloroform-laced rag. Man is constantly using his brain power to find suitable methods of receiving sexual gratification. Because of this, men have a narrow outlook on women. Women, on the other hand, have the serpentine ability to effortlessly gaze into our world where football, diluted beer, and Lazy Boy comforters are supreme. Yet there are a small group of men who have transcended the constricting paradigm and now view the world as a hodgepodge of rubbing oils, scented lilacs, and garlands of flowers. With this new outlook, they have been able to successfully mount onto the sacred bull and a few have been known to make women "release their charka" with just the batting of an eyelash. Now, blameless reader, after years of tireless meditation and binging on nothing but medicinal marijuana and marker caps I have achieved this mythical state of courting nirvana. I herby present to you the path to achieving satori with women.

1. Castrate The One Eyed Tiger:

First young reader, you must relinquish your inner cock. Do not fret, for the penis is the main roadblock in your path to awakening. It is the purveyor of all the muddled thoughts that prevent you from getting laid. Young one, you do not need the constant thoughts of "scoring" to cloud your perspective. Women have long achieved this role; in my mystical travels through desolate motorcycle bars I have come to realize that women are not sexual creatures. Many ignorant readers will criticize and attempt to sodomize my proclamation, but do not heed their words, for they have been hypnotized by the sex-obsessed media. Women do not have carnal cravings, and thus any man who has lustful desires will be seen as a decrepit frotteur. The key to picking the metaphysical chastity belt off a woman is to approach without any passionate thoughts. With a chaste mind you will differentiate yourself from other men and obscure yourself from a woman's hedonist radar.

2. Detach Yourself from the Sensuality of a Vagina:

With the interior phallus now removed, your next step is to imitate a vagina during menstruation. As a uterus sheds part of the endometrial lining during the period, you must be able to shed the stranglehold the vagina has over your mind. Rather than view the coral cul-de-sac as a means of pleasure, look at it from a woman's point of view: that of a urinary tract and a site of unctuous infections. Viewing the secluded grotto as the source of mood swings and the cause of premenstrual vituperation will force scorn toward the seductive lotus flower.

3. Submerge Your Mind into an Ocean of Sedateness:

Attempting to debate with a woman is as futile as shattering a rock with a coconut cutter. Rather than be provoked by their shamshir tongues, allow your mind to be as blank as the white snow of the Himalayas. Envision yourself as the tranquilized sloth free from the verbal discharge of its spouse. As you delve deeper and deeper into a state of absent-minded bliss every piercing critique uttered from your enemy's oppugnant mouth will dull. Your vacant gaze will reflect your incontinent state and even the most stubborn woman's initiative will erode.

4. Expand Your View:

In order to complete your odyssey an intimate knowledge of the female mind is essential. It is generally recommended that you maintain a constant viewing diet of the much lauded and celebrated television program: "The View." Mushi dokuagate (roughly translated as "One who understands trauma of uterus") Barbara Walters is illuminating on her views of women's hardships and hindrances, and through her gospel, you too will have a profound understanding of a women's view on various controversies.

5. Spend a Lifetime in Women's Garb:

The next step in your ascent is to adopt women's clothing. Yes, this time I am not speaking in metaphor. The constant agony of panty chafing and possible whiplash from your bra will open your eyes to the daily horrors women face. "Enlightened One," you may ask, "what is the point of putting me through this hardship?" Youthful disciple, it is now time you learned that through suffering comes understanding.

6. Experience the Cock of Enlightenment:

You have almost reached dharma, and have begun to understand the natural order of women. With your ensemble in tow, your final obstacle in achieving kensho (seeing a woman's true nature) is to venture into the lair of man and be seduced by him. It is generally recommended that you attend a poorly-lit bar, as the mixture of muted lighting and your perfumed ointments will draw attention from your Adam's apple and the frizzy hairs emanating from your rank pits. When you first arrive make a momentary inspection of the area, and continue doing this in two-minute intervals until a potential suitor catches your gaze. With a steady concoction of barbiturate and sedatives in his system he will scuttle toward you. Be certain to ignore his rancid breath and smile politely when he tosses out a hasty pick-up line. When he begins to grope your padded breasts like a piece of freshly slaughtered meat it is crucial that you do not grimace. As the hours begin to stream by your unlikely paramour will attempt to force you into his station wagon. Do not hesitate. Suppress your fear and alarm and maintain your parity. You will finally encounter the descending Snake Brand. Be silent in your suffering and allow the turmoil and submission of the female gender flow into you like the Huangpu River. Young one, you can now empathize with the plea of being improperly used like a Buddha Statue during Diwali.

Now, young reader, after achieving the final step, do not forget to meditate. Although sitting down is not something most disciples look forward to after going through the final task, it is necessary to achieve the plateau of serenity. With your mind free from the shackles of inviting thoughts, you will adopt a radiant aura that makes women flock toward you like ravenous pitbulls. You will have finally gained a universal understanding of courting and will wow women with your Zen magnetism. Enjoy, but do not hate the ignorant majority who will mock your beliefs. Rather, take pity on them, for they will never understand the ancient art of spiritual love.

The Secret Diaries of Jesus Christ

01/01/07 – Jesus "Died For You Back In 0032" Christ

Well, I'm back. It's been a while, but I think I'm up for it again. I'm not entirely sure about the timing; I think God may have mentioned something about the new millennium and the holy number of 7, but I'm pretty sure he just thinks I need to get out more.
I expect things to go pretty well. I mean, considering that a success story involves me suspended from the blood-covered nails pounded through my extremities while dangling 20 feet in the air above a taunting group of Jews, there's not too much room for failure.
Anyhow, I think God's earthly children are about ready for this. They seem confused about the ways of eternal life, and whether or not it comes from copious doses of espresso, Red Bull, and HydroxyCut, they're definitely ready for a change.

02/02/07 – Jesus "I Can Feel the Beat" Christ

This is going to be harder than I thought. After a straight month of observation, I decided to reveal myself to the world today. I found a nice little park full of people, stood on a conspicuous tree stump, and gave them the news. Not only did no one pay any real attention to me, but the people who did manage to hear any part of what I said merely chuckled, rolled their eyes, and yelled, "Get off the stump, you fundamentalist cuntrag!" Obviously not the warm welcome I expected, but there will always be those who cannot see the light at first. I accept that. I will merely have to re-double my efforts and make sure these crazy children of God all make it to heaven somehow.

04/01/07 – Jesus "Hung Like This" Christ

I've been doing the rounds and it's been rough. At the beginning of the month, I figured I'd try the loaves and fishes bit, so I stood on a crowded street corner with my two baskets and started handin'em out. Apparently, no one appreciates a good raw fish sandwich anymore. This one guy just muttered that the bread was stale, 13 people demanded newspaper to wrap the fish in, and this one lady asked if I "did lattes." So now I'm left with this endless pile of uneaten fish stinking up my apartment, and the ducks I fed the never-ending bread to are now too fat to fly.
The other week I glanced inside a restaurant window and saw someone choking; I immediately ran inside, ready to proclaim the holy spirit and rescue them from a dismal fate, but on my way in the maitre'd stopped me, saying I had to leave if I wasn't going to put any shoes on. So the choking guy died, and the asshole host wouldn't even let me bring the guy back to life, saying, "I don't make the rules, sir, it's just policy. Now get your filthy heels off our linoleum."
I'm going to keep at this, but there had better be a new Sno-Cone machine when I get back to heaven. And grapey-grape syrup.

06/01/07 – Jesus "Actually Does Surf With a Board" Christ

So I ran into Satan today. He had just finished removing an old tattoo of Kim-Jong il, claiming the guy had "gone pussy since the old days." Anyway, guess what? Lucifer said he doesn't even have to DO anything anymore! He just kicks back and watches it all, occasionally working 3 a.m. telemarketing shifts. He actually apologized to me, saying that it had all gotten a little "out of hand." Not a good sign.

08/01/07 – Jesus "Stayin' Alive" Christ

This is getting old. Since my last entry, things have gone to hell. Possibly literally. I went to a maximum security prison to spread good faith, telling one of the inmates that I didn't care how much he's sinned, I still love him. That whole shebang ended in my being mercilessly beaten by 13 pole-smoking heroin junkies. As soon as I saw "Haymaker Herman" whipping out his wang, I decided to bounce using that "disappear from a crowd" routine.
That was not a good Wednesday.
I also approached a prostitute, expecting to convince her to denounce her unholy path. Her only response was a wink and a "Sure sugar, I'll denounce whatever you want if you got twenty bucks."
I sat down on the sidewalk the other day to think and people started tossing change at my feet as I passed, telling me to, "Get a haircut, you dirty hippie." I got sued when I tried to heal a cripple by touching his legs, I got fined by the ATF when I turned water into wine, and when I tried walking on water I just got yelled at by pontoon boaters for being in the way.
When I tried talking to God about all this, I happened to be in public. People kept telling me, "Tone it down on that Bluetooth thing, jerk," completely interrupting the holy communin' goin' on. Jesus Christ, a guy can't even talk to God anymore without being called a masturbation enthusiast.
I can't take this much longer. I'm here for a few more months and then it's goodbye to all these sorry ass-souls.

08/02/07 – Jesus "Shit That Hurt" Christ

Problem solved. This morning I was walking around the city, listening to "The Holy Rock 'n' Rollers" on my new iPod (I figured I'd see what the hype was all about). Long story short, I crossed the street and didn't hear the semi-tuck until it was grinding my brains into the asphalt. It's not exactly how I planned on peacing out this time around but it got the job done (and a whole lot faster than crucifixion, I might add).
But now I'm getting excited. I think the regeneration thing will finally show this planet the true might and glory of God's kingdom. With my gruesome death, I finally made it into the headlines. They misspelled it "G. Zuss Chrintenbald," but no matter. Three more days, three more days.

8/06/07 – Jesus "End of the Line" Christ

So it turns out that it's three business days that I'm supposed to lie in limbo. Fuckin' bureaucracy. Either way, it didn't matter. The fuckheads didn't even notice I was gone. When I got back, no celebration, not feasts of jubilee, just more indifferent glances and self-absorbed human shitbags, ignoring the truth and light if it doesn't come out of their TV set. Fuck this. See you in 4007, bitches.

Roger & Me

One boy's magical journey through rock with Foghat

By Zack Beauvais

I was a child at an Eddie Money concert when Foghat first came into my consciousness. They were scheduled to play a show with Blue Öyster Cult the next night. I saw their name in the program and, as I distinctly remember, I laughed. Foghat was the band Jim Carrey mentioned in his acceptance speech at the MTV Movie Awards while dressed as a biker parody of Jim Morrison. Foghat was the band *Rolling Stone* knocked by saying, "1974 was a horrible year for rock unless you were Foghat or Emerson, Lake, and Palmer." To me, Foghat was a joke. I had undoubtedly heard their songs "Slow Ride" and "Fool for the City" on some classic rock station, either listening to WCSX in Detroit, or my personal favorite WHMI out of Livingston County. I had never given them a second thought. Foghat had been a novelty to me. Like Thin Lizzy or Foreigner, they were just another part of rock and roll history and a side note at that.

Roger earl, of Foghat. Zack, of Gargoyle

Gargoyle's relationship and love affair with Foghat began April 20, 2007. A date so shrouded in a history of violence, hate, drugs, and paranoia became the day we intended to be rejected by one of rock and roll's lesser-known legends. It happened so suddenly and without warning, like all great events: we found Foghat. On April 20 Gargoyle assembled, to paint a patch for some quilt the University Activities Center was putting together. Max, Cathy, and I were making pleasantly sarcastic and awkward small talk while painting the Gargoyle Crest onto a nine-inch square of canvas when I made some trite joke about Foghat. Much to my amazement, neither Max nor Cathy had ever heard of them. As happenstance led to finding Foghat's website, I seized the opportunity to email their promotions manager and ask for an interview.

Dear Foghat,

I am a writer for the Gargoyle Magazine at the University of Michigan as well as a long-time fan. If your schedule permits, I would very much like to interview members of your band regarding your rock and roll past and plans for the future. Please contact us as soon as possible to make arrangements.

Thank you,

Zachery Beauvais

Within an hour, I got a response from Mrs. Linda Arcello-Earl, wife of Foghat founder and drummer Roger Earl. That response set in motion the events of the next six months that included the interview of Mr. Earl, and the introduction to such characters as the South Warren Drinking Team, Spaghetti Man, Chip "Chipster" Ruggieri, and the men of Foghat.

On the 24th of April, the day of my last final of the winter semester, I interviewed Roger Earl over the phone, from the den of my parents' house. I was fresh from RadioShack where I purchased a tape recorder and telephone-jack microphone about an hour before our conversation began. I was far from ready, though I had thought of so many permutations of the interview. I went over so many questions on loose sheets of copy paper, one sheet adorned with a sketch of the band's emblem. I went over even more questions in my head, weighing the merits and anticipating his answer for each. Roger called. After a few minutes of small talk about his USO work and the state of affairs in Iraq, I began the interview.

- - - -

Zack Beauvais: With Charlie, Craig, and Bryan you have a distinct sound but quite different from when you had Dave and Rod. How do you think that it has changed?

Roger Earl: Anytime you have a personnel change in a band, you know, everybody brings something different to it. Charlie has a great set of pipes and in fact Dave and I saw Charley singing in Humble Pie before Dave died and we both were impressed with the way he sang… they bring different things to it. Brian played with Rod for about six months. They were on the road with Dave's band — Brian had a chance to sort of listen to Rod first hand. Yeah, I think any person will bring something different to it but I feel we stay fairly close to the feel that Foghat had as a rock and roll band. I am just really pleased with the way the record turned out. That was the reason we recorded *Live II*, because there had been a couple of other live recordings in between, but we did not really have any control over it. They were either taken off the board or somebody else mixed it. Whereas this album we had complete control over it. We recorded it on our mobile unit; our sound engineer Bryan mixed it, Linda did the art work — our manager, and so it was all us. I don't really know what to say. Charley is a singer and Bryan is a guitar player.

Zack: Did you have any initiation for the new members, any time since they've joined any Foghat traditions?

Roger: Yeah, they had to drink large amounts of wine and bourbon. Then we hold them upside down underwater for about a half hour and if they survive that then we burn them at the stake. Actually, we get on real well. We hang out together — we get on real well. I mean, I really enjoy sort of playing and doing what we do.

Zack: It seems like you guys are having a good time on stage.

Roger: We are, yeah. Other people earn a living doing stuff they don't particularly enjoy. I mean I've wanted to do this ever since I picked up a pair of sticks when I was thirteen years old. Bryan and Charley and Craig are all of the same mind. I mean, they are all players and they love to play. It's not hard like it used to be back in the sixties and seventies; we were on the road for like 12 months out of the year. Now we play maybe two or three times a week. The dates are all fly-ins. They bring their guitars, I bring my snare drum, pedals, and cymbals and sticks. And the promoters supply us the backline to our specs and 99% of the time it runs real smooth. So you get to come home for two or three days as opposed to being on the road forever.

Zack: We posted a few questions online to the whole U of M student body of what they would like to ask Foghat. One of the big ones is, "What is a Foghat and how did you get your name?" We're kind of picturing a top hat with some smoke coming out of it.

Roger: We were probably stoned one night. No, actually Lonesome Dave thought up the name when he was twelve or thirteen years old playing a Scrabble-type word game. He made up the word and insisted it was in fact a word. He was playing with his brother, so it was…I don't know really, it doesn't particularly mean anything; it means us… it means us. It is really weird back in 1971 when we were trying to find a name for the band — it always sounds sort of weird and tacky till it sticks if you will — if you have some degree of success with your name you're fine. Like if somebody came up and said "You want to call yourself the Beatles. What do you want to call yourself a bug for?" But, there is no special significance to the name Foghat, it's just us.

- - - -

Foghat was born out of the ashes of the Savoy Brown blues band, a staple of the London R&B scene of the late sixties. The original band consisted of Tony Stevens on bass, Rod Price on lead/slide guitar, the frontman "Lonesome" Dave Peverett, and Roger Earl on drums. They were formed in 1971 and have continually disbanded and reformed (evolved) over the last thirty years. In their current incarnation, Roger remains as the guiding force behind the band and its only original member. Lonesome Dave succumbed to cancer in 2000, after a reunion of the original Foghat members for the 1999 album *Return of the Boogie Men* and ensuing tour.

I had had to argue for the opportunity to conduct the interview, pledging not to satirize the band or blatantly make fun of its members. Never

had I been so ashamed of my history of writing penis jokes and homoerotic satires of Victorian fiction as I was during my dialogue with Foghat's publicist Chip "Chipster" Ruggieri. I urged him that this article would somehow be different. While telling him my plan to ask politically and musically relevant questions and consequently report honest answers I planned for two outcomes. One, to be rejected by Foghat — the original plan for the article was a self-loathing piece on how Gargoyle magazine was not good enough for the band. Two, to get an interview — the possibility that kept me up at night giddily thinking of the possibilities and fantasizing about our place in rock history. That is what it boiled down to: an encounter with rock and roll itself. Foghat had secured its place in rock history with its storied past of platinum albums and sold-out stadium shows, and I was and am on the outside clawing and begging my way to get the chance to be looking in. My pipe dreams of a rock interview and ever-growing fantasies of comparison to Lester Bangs fueled the exponential growth of my respect for Roger Earl, Foghat, and the lifestyle and music that they came to represent.

Asking Roger about the name of the band — suggesting that the Foghat was a top hat with smoke pouring out — I almost felt guilty. Planning questions like, "In 'Slow Ride,' how slow and how sleazy are we talking?"; "Without proper intervention many experts believe Foghat will soon become Smoghat. What do you think should be done about pollution in our cities?"; "Like you, I too am a headband enthusiast. Do you have any tips on wearing said article?" At some point in the interview after hearing that indefinably brilliant British accent, I realized I could not go through with those questions. Roger Earl deserves more respect than those questions designed for cheap laughs would have afforded him. I realized that he is just a man who got lucky enough to play rock and roll and play the blues for a living and has not regretted a moment of it.

FOGHAT ENTHUSIASTS

- - - -

Zack: Do you ever think about what you would have done had you not become a musician?

Roger: (Resigned sigh) Probably been a drug dealer. No, no, I'm serious. I don't know. I was a commercial artist initially. That was a joke, by the way! I was a commercial artist. I left school at about 15. I was a junior artist in a commercial studio in London and I did that until I was 20. I did, like, finished art work, graphic design for boxes and industrial design, stuff like that. I enjoyed it but you sit in a desk and I couldn't wait till it was over so I could go and play at the club that night or whatever we were doing. I've been playing on stage since I was 17, that was the first band, real band I joined. I've been playing since I was 13.

Zack: I read somewhere that you once had the chance to play with Muddy Waters?

Roger: Yes, I did play with Muddy in 1977. Foghat did what we called a tribute to the blues. This was in New York City. We rented a place called the Palladium. It holds like two and a half thousand people I think. And, myself and Dave and Rod were always huge blues fans — that's what I grew up listening to in London. And, um, we had like more money than sense at the time — actually if we'd had a dime we'd have had more money than sense — but we had a chance to play with our heroes, you know, and give something back. Muddy Waters was there, John Lee Hooker, Paul Butterfield, Johnny Winter — who I've remained friends with over the years — Eddie Bluesman Kirkland, let me get this right — Honeyboy Edwards, Otis Blackwell — who wrote a huge number of early rock and roll songs for Elvis Presley, Little Richard and people like that and Jerry Lee Lewis. It was a night to remember and probably a highlight of my career. In fact my parents were there. It was my father's sixtieth birthday that week and they were staying with me out here. I got to take my parents backstage and introduce them to Muddy Waters. I said, "Muddy, this is my Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad, Muddy." And they got to see their little boy playing with his heroes. It was a very cool night. I'll remember that

till the day I'm six feet under.

Zack: That had to be amazing, I'm sure.

Roger: It was, and Muddy was an absolute gem. He was an absolutely beautiful man, had a wonderful way about him and just everybody there had some real warmth, especially for Muddy. He was just a very cool guy. Hey, without people like Muddy Waters, I don't think there would be any rock and roll. I mean if Willy Dixon hadn't written stuff like "I Just Want to Make Love to You," and produced all those great tunes by Chuck Berry by Chess Records, I'd be out of work. What'd we grow up with listening to in England? "Hey Nonny-Nonny" and "Green Sleeves."

Zack: Yeah, without Elmore James or Muddy Waters or Howlin' Wolf we've got nothing today.

Roger: Howlin' Wolf — what a cool name. The guy had to be good with a name like that. I used to belong to a record club in Chicago. They would send over a list of all the records they had and I would get it on a monthly basis. I'd say like Howlin' Wolf, he's got to be great with a name like that, or John Lee Hooker. Cool name. John Lee was cool too, he was something else. But sadly, they've passed on. But, I got a chance to play with my heroes and not many people can say that.

- - - -

I proceeded to talk to Roger Earl about topics as varied as fishing and Great Lakes cleanup (an area of astonishing expertise) to playing with the "Motor City Madman" Ted Nugent (a man quoted as saying "How 'bout them Foghats — how 'bout that shit?" to a crowd at a Montana music festival). Roger told me about playing with a DDT spray gun as a child and a trip to his local carp pond with his daughter. I listened intently, as a student listening to the wisdom of a sage.

- - - -

Zack: We all want to know: what is your position on global warming and global climate change?

Roger: Well, what other position is there to have?

Zack: Do you agree with the scientific community?

Roger: Yeah, I live in a house boat on a bay in New York. If it rises three feet I'm under. Something has to be done. This country... we go on about saving the forests in the Amazon, but this country along with some others are probably the biggest polluters in the world.

Zack: Yeah, of course.

Roger: The bottom line is it's expensive to be clean and it's cheap to be dirty. Well, things are changing, but I don't know. The world seems short on some real political heroes — want for a better word. Not just here in the states, but throughout the world. They seem to take a back seat and be more concerned about getting their votes and smiling as opposed to actually doing something. But there again, people who actually stand up and make a stand to try and do something… it's political suicide. But, like I said, the world is short on a political hero. Maybe we'll get one one day.

"Jesus Christ, what about fucking China?"

Zack: Do you think there is going to be another Churchill?

Roger: You're right, look what happened to Winston Churchill. Right after the war was over he was voted out.

Zack: They finally made their minds up again a few elections later.

Roger: I don't know, maybe they should have gotten rid of the Royal Family at the time, had a proper republic. Oh dear, I'm a revolutionary. That's all right that is why I fit in over here. It's a wonderful land, it really is. We need somebody, maybe in office to stand up and do a few things — but it's a great country. The thing is we can afford change here in a manner that doesn't have to sort of have the streets running with blood. You know, those days are gone. We just have to affect [change] just by people being aware of what's going on and you know, doing something about it.

Zack: Moving on I guess now. We've got a letter that says, "Dear Foghat: I am disgusted by the U.S. treatment of prisoners both domestic and whatever the hell they are calling Guantanamo detainees. What can I do to try and raise awareness for their plight?"

Roger: Hmm, I don't know. Everybody knows what is going on over there; it's been in all the papers. It's been in dailies, locals, *Time*; it's been on TV and radio it's been talked about. Whether you like it or not, we have a war going on and war is not nice. War is not pretty on whatever side of the fence you're on. You know, that is kind of out of my hands. Everybody suffers in war. It's not just the prisoners or people in Guantanamo, it's all the thousands of children and men and women in Iraq and Afghanistan that have died, it's the thousands of our men and women who have already died there and been crippled there. War is not nice. Guantanamo's got what — a couple of hundred prisoners? I think people ought to worry a lot more about our men and women — our service men and women as opposed to a bunch of prisoners in Guantanamo, which is in Cuba… what are we doing in Cuba anyway? Why don't we ask that question?

"It's rock and roll. It's real music."

Zack: All right, so what do you think we should do with Cuba?

Roger: No, of course we should be friendly with the Cubans. They're Americans, South American. People forget that — they talk about it like it's another world. I have friends who come from Cuba. My family in England and Europe — everybody goes to Cuba for holidays; they love it there. What, because we don't like Fidel? What's wrong with Fidel? I'll tell you something, the country was in a far worse state before that. Of course, of course we should deal with Cuba. They're people. So we don't entirely agree with the person who runs their country? Jesus Christ, what about fucking China? What? China as our allies? What about the fucking Saudis? We're supporting, you know, a royal regime that is about as corrupt as it gets. And somebody is worried about Guantanamo? Of course we should be friendly with Cuba — Cubans are a wonderful people. Who've got wonderful music that's come out of that land. No, that's a sin. It's a sin — not having relations with the Cuban people. Don't get me started.

Zack: No, I won't. Maybe once you get your citizenship, Congressman Roger Earl from New York?

Roger: No, I've got to become a citizen first. But I am a citizen, a citizen of the world. Everybody else goes to Cuba except us... the whole world does. Come on. It's the people. It doesn't matter about the government; we've already shown that by our attitude with China or Saudi Arabia. They're not democratic republics. It's beyond me. It should all be about people. Listen, we're all related whether we like it or not so we better get on.

- - - -

Foghat had been put on a back burner in my mind as the summer progressed after the interview and into the fall of the new school year. The article lingered over my head. I had conducted the interview, listened to it a few times and then set the tapes in a manila envelope on a bookshelf in my room. I was procrastinating. I was distracted. I was making the excuse of fate. I knew the story of Foghat was not over. In September, they were thrust back into the spotlight as my parents informed me of a free festival at the General Motors Technical Center in Warren, Michigan. Blue Öyster Cult was to open for Foghat for the City of Warren Fiftieth Anniversary Extravaganza. The Gargoyle staff made an expedition across Metro Detroit to see rock and roll itself perform in Warren.

We arrived at the festival as BÖC was leaving the stage. We heard them playing from the parking lot when we pulled in and piled out of the car. A shuttle brought us all to the stage. I was amazed at how carnival-like the atmosphere was, Ferris wheel and Zipper in the background and a midway in the gravel parking lot flanked by the line of port-a-potties. The staff went to buy food and I separated to seek my duty. I heard the first signs of drumming as I walked towards the stage. It beckoned me, and I felt the significance as soon as I heard it. I wanted it to be symbolic. I wanted it to be fateful, and hoped to God that it would be. I knew from the start that this would be a journey,

from the very afternoon in the Union making and painting the canvas. We were here, "The City of Warren 50th Anniversary Festival," with Foghat headlining the evening's free concert.
The day before, I called the number Roger gave me. There was no answer but I heard the greatest answering machine message I have ever listened to. Roger said, in that perfect British accent, "You've reached the Foghat business office. We can't come to the phone but we will get back to you as soon as possible, unless of course we've been drinking…" Rose, the Foghat managerial assistant, called me back, and put me on the "List" as Roger's official guest for the concert. I did not fully know what this meant, but I was very excited. Rose also gave me Timmy's phone number. Timmy is Foghat's road manager, but as I found out there are multiple men who claim the title. To paraphrase, I was told to call Timmy if the shit went down.

At the concert, on my mission to find Foghat, I called Timmy. No answer. I called him back later, yelled into the phone, and could not hear a word over the rowdy blue collar crowd fueled by community pride and the cowbell of the opening act. Timmy hung up after two minutes of jumbled back-and-forth shouting. I went back to the rest of the Gargoyle staff and waited in limbo for Timmy to call me back. I tried the guards again, asking an egg-shaped man in a polo shirt with an earpiece and a glossy, laminated pass how I could get in. He called his wife. I presumed they were community volunteers with an unusually large amount of power. She came to the gate, twenty yards from Foghat's RV, and presented me with a small white envelope. Two all-access passes. I took them, and ran back the Gargoyle staff to ask who wanted the other pass. Josh jumped at the chance. He followed me as we went backstage.

We were out of place, nervous, and shy. Five months to the day after conducting the interview, I saw them. I saw Foghat standing around. Bryan Bassett, the lead guitarist, smoked a cigarette. Craig MacGregor, the bassist, talked to his fans. I saw Charlie Huhn, the lead singer. We slapped hands and I told him to break a leg. They were nervous, very nervous. It was and still is surprising. I saw Roger. He wore a red bandanna tied Rambo-style around his head, I kicked myself for not bringing him a gift: a copy of the magazine, a bandana, something. We met up with Roger. I was overwhelmed but remained proactive. I stepped in front of two guys that were attempting to talk to him. I jumped in, introduced myself and shook his hand. He remembered me — at least that is what I tell myself. I asked for a few shots and he told Josh to take a picture of Roger and me. He walked toward the other members of the band and a woman I assumed to be his wife. They were all nervous. They gave each other massages and words of encouragement. These guys have been playing all of these years and even playing a nothing show like a celebration for the city of Warren they still get nervous as hell.

- - - -

Zack: Do you have a craziest road story that you can tell?

Roger: You know every time this comes up I put the phone down and I remember one. Um, there are a couple with rental cars that didn't fare too well in our hands. I think I can remember one. We were down in Louisiana one time back in 1973 or '74 and we're driving around in a station wagon. Anyway, we had to get up at like about 5:00 a.m. in the morning. We probably had only a half an hour of sleep if any. The humidity down there is like... you can cut it with a knife. It's already about 90 degrees when we come wandering out of the hotel, go over to the station wagon from Hertz, or Avis. I think it was Hertz, no — Avis. It doesn't matter. Anyway we go over put the key in the door: it doesn't work. Oh, shit. So, I spot the maintenance man who is wandering around fixing some stuff on the hotel. I go up to him and say, "Excuse me, can I borrow your hammer?" He didn't say anything, but he put his box down and backed off. I guess I must have looked pretty scary. I was trying to be friendly. So I borrowed his hammer, and knocked the rear window in, pulled the button up. So, we started loading the stuff in. We then crawled through and like undid the driver's door, put the key in. It wouldn't work, it wouldn't start. Just wouldn't do anything. Couldn't turn it. So I didn't know what to do by now. I believe it might have been Rod, backs up a little bit and says "Rog, there is a similar car three cars down." We smashed in the rear window. We smashed in the driver's window. By now we are already late for the flight; we've got about an hour to get the airport. So we jump out of the car, I go down and put the key in the door. Lo

and behold, it opens. So, with that, our manager went inside and left a hundred dollars at the desk with an apology. I don't know where he was, letting us loose with hammers on poor Avis cars. That's one, there are probably tons more, but I can't recall them at the moment. I think I ought to write a book about it. I wish Dave was here; Dave always remembered that stuff.

THE SOUTH WARREN DRINKING TEAM

Zack: What is the hardest part of not having Dave around anymore?

Roger: He died too young. He was only like 57. It was terrible. It is sad that cancer can, I guess, can take just about anybody. We've done some benefits and stuff for cancer and of course I give to it now. It's just sad; he was just taken too young. It's ironic that Dave out of all the band — Dave was a vegetarian — he certainly didn't drink and do all the crazy shit the rest of us did. It was sad. It's all right. I stay in touch with his children and his grandson who is the owner of a drum kit, a guitar, a flute, and a piano courtesy of his Foghat uncles.

- - - -

Josh and I stayed backstage till the show started. I saw Roger walk onto the stage as the announcer yelled, "Foghat!" It began. They rocked. We danced. We went back backstage. I got to stand on the ramp up to the stage with the band as they regrouped for the encore. As they played a two-song encore which included the incomparable "Slow Ride," we stood on the stage and they played. The bass pumped so loud, I could feel it my chest. We saw them relax walking off the stage. Bryan gave me the thumbs up when I asked for a picture. Charlie and Craig cheered. Roger patted my back as he made his way back to their trailer. They walked off. We stuck around in awe.

Walking through the crowd with the closest feeling to a rockstar high I will ever experience — pen and paper in hand — I gave impromptu interviews of the fans. Every man and woman backstage had a story to tell, how they were "with the band." I met Bob Wyrock of the "Who Knew?" classic rock and blues band out of Oscoda, Michigan, a staple of the live music night at the Roscommon Tinfish Bar. He was the brother-in-law of Foghat's drum tech, and told Josh and me that he had partied with Foghat the night before. When prompted for detail he gave the stock "It was crazy…" But Wyrock — and the posse who were generated by seeing he was being interviewed — unanimously missed "Lonesome" Dave. We met Eric Stan and the South Warren Drinking Team, a remarkably official-looking group of about ten twenty somethings, each living up to their team's reputation.

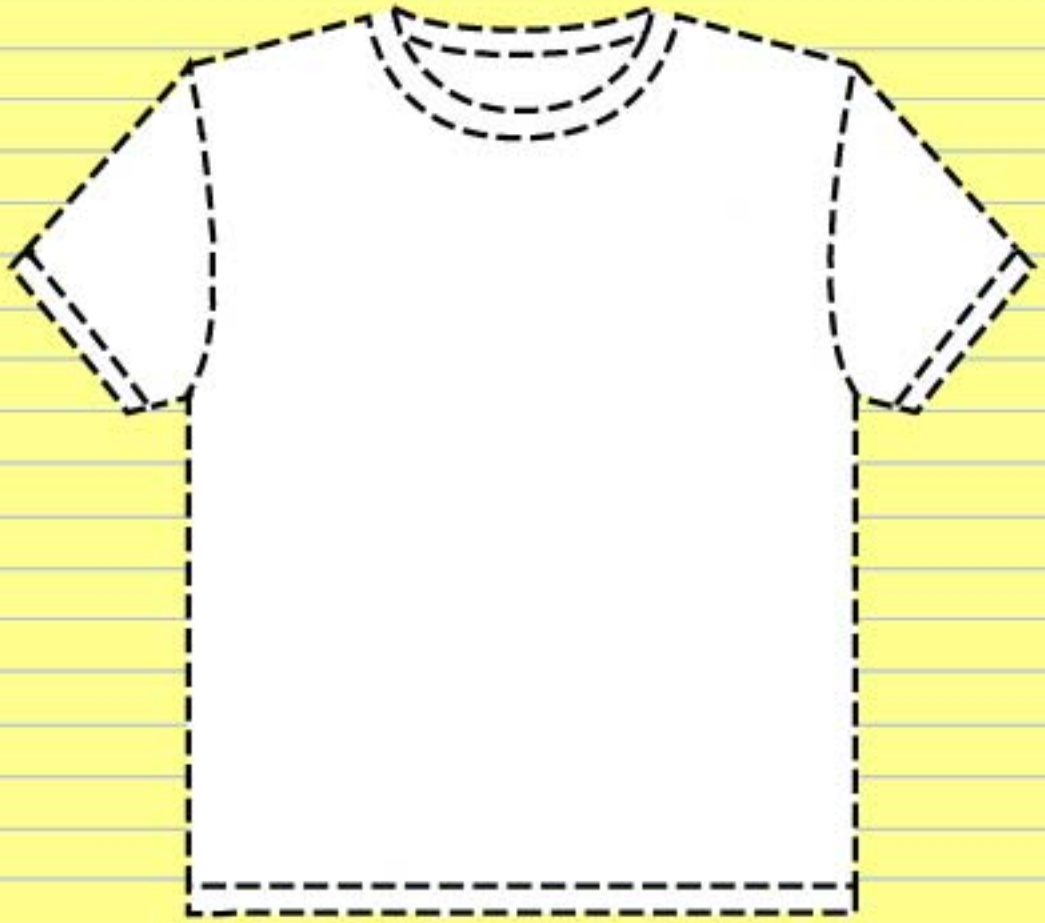
We met Spaghetti Man and his entourage. I was told that Spaghetti Man — a one man, yellow-question-marked-suit clad advertising force paid to dance at local bars and night spots — was a story unto himself. His entourage proceeded to tell me the undeniable truth: "Foghat has been rocking since before [I] was a seed in [my] Daddy's nut sack." More profoundly, one member told me, "Rock and Roll brought us to Foghat." He was right.

It is the power of rock and roll. It is the reason I have a guitar sitting unused in my bedroom, the reason Roger Earl has a job, the reason why thousands of people come out night after night and see Foghat play their hearts out on stage. Roger Earl is a rock star. He has made it, and because of that multitudes flock to record stores and concerts trying to catch a glimpse of what that life is like. Everyone is with the band, everyone is the next big thing, everyone was there for its defining moment because everyone deep down wants to be a rock star.

- - - -

Roger: It's rock and roll. It's real music. It seems to have... like I am always amazed every time when I go somewhere and I look out and there is like 15 or 20 thousand people come to see you, and you sit there and go like: 'Whoa.' And I still get a chill walking on stage. It is a thrill.

sketch here:



win $100

modati clothing

upload here: modati.com/upload
vote here: modati.com/blingbling
info here: modati.com/whatsup